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## MISCELLANIES.

Letters from the West.—By Judge Hall.

### THE HARPES.

Many years ago, two men named Harpe, appeared in Kentucky, spreading death and terror wherever they went. Little else was known of them but that they passed for brothers, and came from the borders of Virginia. They had three women with them, who were treated as their wives, and several children, with whom they traversed the thinly settled parts of Virginia into Kentucky, marking their course with blood—Their history is wonderful, as well from the number and variety, as the incredible atrocity of their [illegible] and as it has never yet appeared in [illegible] I shall compress within this letter a few of [illegible] leading facts.

In the autumn of the year 1799, a young gentleman named Langford, of a respectable family in Virginia, set out from this State for Kentucky, [illegible]

[illegible]

... wreaked on the helpless, but in some degree guilty companions of the perpetrators. Justice, however, was not long delayed.

A frontier is often the retreat of lawless individuals, who, if not familiar with crime have very blunt perceptions of virtue. The genuine woodsmen, the real pioneers, are independent, brave, and upright; but as the jackall pursues the lion to devour his leavings; the foot-steps of the sturdy hunter are closely pursued by the miscreants destitute of his noble qualities. These are the poorest and idlest of the human race—averse to labor, and impatient of the restraints of the law and the courtesies of civilized society. Without the ardor, the activity, the love of sport, and patience of fatigue, which distinguish the old backwoodsman, these are doomed to the forest, by sheer laziness, and hunt for a bare subsistence, they are the "cankers of a calm world and a long peace," the helpless nobodies, who, in a country where none starve and few beg, sleep until hunger pinches, then stroll into the woods for a meal and return to their slumber. They are sometimes made wax in the hands of designing men, and become the accessories of the guilt which they have not the courage nor the industry to perpetrate—with such men the Harpes are supposed sometimes to have lurked. None are known to have participated in their deeds of blood, nor suspected of sharing their counsels; but they sometimes crept to the miserable cabins of those who feared or were not inclined to betray them.

Two travellers came one night to the house of a man named Stegall, and for want of better lodgings, claimed under his roof that hospitality which in a new country is found at every habitation. Shortly after, the Harpes arrived. It was not, it seems, their first visit; for Mrs. Stegall had received instructions from them which she dared not disobey, never to address them by their real names in the presence of a third person. On this occasion they contrived to inform her that they intended to personate methodist preachers, and ordered her to arrange matters so that one of them should sleep with each of the strangers, whom they intended to murder. Stegall was absent, and the woman was obliged to obey. The strangers were completely deceived as to the character of the newly arrived guests—and when it was announced that the house contained but two beds they cheerfully assented to the proposed arrangement; one crept into a bed on the lower floor with one ruffian, while the other retired to the loft with another. Both the strangers became their victims; but these bloody ruffians, who seemed neither to fear shame, nor dread punishment, determined to leave behind them no evidence of their crime, and consummated the foul tragedy by murdering their hostess and setting fire to the dwelling.

From this scene of arson, robbery and murder, the perpetrators fled precipitately, favored by a heavy fall of rain, which as they believed, effaced their footsteps. They did not cease their flight until the ensuing day, when they halted at a place which they supposed to be far from any human habitation. Here they kindled a fire, and were drying their clothes, when an emigrant, who had pitched his tent hard by, strolled towards their camp. He was in search of his horses which had strayed, and civilly asked if they had seen them. This unoffending woodsman they slew, and continued their [illegible]

In the meanwhile, the outrages of these murderers had not escaped notice, nor were they tamely submitted to. The Governor of Kentucky had offered a reward for their heads, and parties of volunteers had pursued them; they had been so fortunate as to escape punishment by their cunning, but had not the prudence to desist, or to fly the country.

A man named Leiper, in revenge for the murder of Mrs. Stegall, raised a party, pursued, and discovered the assassins, on the day succeeding [illegible]. They came suddenly upon the Harpes, who had only time to fly in different directions. Accident aided the pursuers. One of the Harpes was a large, and the other a small man—the first usually rode a strong powerful horse, the other a fleet but much smaller animal, and in the hurry of flight they had exchanged horses. The chase was long and hot; the smaller Harpe escaped unnoticed; but the other, who was kept in view, spurred on the noble animal which he rode, and which, already jaded, began to fail at the end of five or six miles. Still the miscreant pressed forward; for although none of his pursuers were near but Leiper, who had outridden his companions, he was not willing to risk a combat with a man as strong, and perhaps bolder than himself, who was animated with a noble spirit of indignation against a shocking and unmanly outrage. Leiper was mounted on a horse of celebrated powers, which he had borrowed from a neighbor for this occasion. At the beginning of the chase he had pressed his charger to the height of his speed, carefully keeping on the track of Harpe, of whom he sometimes caught a glimpse as he ascended the hills, and again lost sight in the vallies and brush. But as he gained on the foe, and became sure of his victim, he slackened his pace, cocked his rifle, and deliberately pursued, sometimes calling upon the outlaw to surrender. At length, in leaping a ravine, Harpe's horse strained a limb, and Leiper overtook him. Both were armed with rifles. Leiper fired and wounded Harpe through the body; the latter turning in his seat levelled his piece which missed fire, and he dashed it to the ground, swearing it was the first time it had ever deceived him. He then drew a tomahawk, and waited the approach of Leiper, who, nothing daunted, unsheathed his long hunting knife and rushed upon his desperate foe, grappled with him, hurled him to the ground, and wrested his only remaining weapon from his grasp. The prostrate wretch—exhausted with the loss of blood, conquered, but unsubdued in spirit—now lay passive at the feet of his adversary. Expecting every moment the arrival of the rest of his pursuers, he enquired if Stegall was one of the party, and being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed, "Then I am a dead man."

"That would make no difference," replied Leiper calmly; "you must die at any rate. I do not wish to kill you myself, but if nobody else will do it, I must."

Leiper was a humane man, easy, slow spoken, and not quickly excited, but a thorough soldier when roused. Without insulting the expiring criminal, he questioned him upon the motives of his late atrocities. The murderer attempted not to palliate or deny them, and confessed that he had been actuated by no inducement but a settled hatred of his species, whom he had sworn to destroy without distinction, in retaliation for some fancied injury. He expressed no regret for any of his bloody deeds except that which he had perpetrated upon one of his own children. "It cried," said he, "and I killed it; I had always told the women I would have no crying about me."

He acknowledged that he had amassed large sums of money, and described the places of concealment; but as none was ever discovered, it is presumed that he did not declare the truth. Leiper had fired several times at Harpe during the chase, and had wounded him; and when the latter was asked why, when he found Leiper pursuing him alone, he did not dismount and take to a tree, from behind which, he could inevitably have shot him as he approached, he replied that he had supposed there was not a horse in the country equal to that one which he rode, and that he was confident of making his escape. He thought also that the pursuit would be less eager, so long as he abstained from shedding the blood of any of his pursuers. On the arrival of the rest of the party, the wretch was despatched, and he died as he had lived, in remorseless guilt.

The other Harpe made his way to the neighborhood of Natchez, where he joined a gang of robbers, headed by a man named Mason, whose villainies were so notorious that a reward was offered for his head. At that period, vast regions along the shores of the Ohio and Mississippi were still unsettled, through which boats navigating those rivers must necessarily pass; and the traders who after selling their cargoes at New Orleans, attempted to return by land, had to cross immense regions, totally destitute of inhabitants. Mason [illegible] infested these deserts, [illegible] but [illegible] fell in his way. [illegible] he plundered the [illegible] boats, but more frequently he allowed these to pass, [illegible] the owners of their money as they returned, [illegible] Harpe [illegible] persuaded [illegible] the rest of his companions [illegible] Mason, and putting his head into a bag, carried it to Natchez and claimed the reward. The claim was admitted; the head of Mason was recognised, but so also was the face of Harpe, who was arrested and committed.

From the [illegible]

### MY WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

*Mr. Editor.* For a number of years I have been what is called a moderate drinker. I have never been tight "regularly drunk" though I have been pretty "cosy" [illegible]

As we live in a free country, I conceived every one had a right to do as he pleased, the opinion of the parson and the anti-intemperate society to the contrary notwithstanding. My wife, sweet creature, as you know, for she has been frequently in town with me, never would say a word of reproach to me when I reeled home; but she would look a great deal of pity. Yes, sir, those looks of hers would sometimes draw the tears in profusion from my eyes. [illegible]

[illegible] she mentioned that Capt. [illegible] had quit drinking entirely, because it was undermining his constitution, and the physician told him he would be "used up," in two years more. This affected me; for although I did not apprehend any danger from my moderate draughts, yet I thought if I were compelled to abstain from this delicious beverage, to brighten my days it would be worse than the [illegible] But I [illegible] in [illegible] when my husband gets rid of his wrestling I will give you another sketch about it.

The first Monday in November, she rose earlier than usual. When I awoke she was entering the room with a warm dish of coffee; 'Husband,' said she, with as pleasant a smile as when she first first won my heart, 'the new coffee which you bought is excellent,' handing me the cup. I drank it off, and though I had been accustomed to give the dram the preference, yet it sat quite as well on my stomach.

As I came into the other room, she was busying herself at the breakfast table, and [illegible] 'come, the chocolate is poured.' What could resist such a sweet smile as she gave me? I had not time to go to my bottle, but I sat down and ate heartily. After it, I returned from performing some business on the plantation, anticipating the pleasure (a hearty one) of a good dram before dinner, when who should I find but Mrs. P. and Mrs. N. and the young ladies! After the usual compliments, I rose to go to the closet, but thinks I to myself, it will not do for a gentleman to be swigging down liquor before the ladies, and I knew there was no loaf sugar for toddy—so although my hand was on the latch, I passed into the piazza and took a drink of water. O! I was monstrous dry, inwardly I cursed the company, but soon returned confused, and found the servant handing about lunch. I took a fine northern apple, and soon, even before the girls had conned over the seeds to learn who was to have the first husband, wife called that dinner was on the table. I stood, as you know it is polite to follow the ladies, hoping that I could filch a swig while they were getting their seats; but as I was turning the key, in [illegible] Miss G., a [illegible] of a girl, 'my handkerchief, my handkerchief.' I hung down my head (for rum had not destroyed all sense of shame in me) and went into my dinner.

During the afternoon, I was somewhat chagrined, and pouted a little; but when the girls began to play their pranks, and 'proposed' their conundrums for solution, I became quite merry, and forgot my disappointment.

Tuesday morning we were "driving" before day. Many a time while hurrying to the end of our bounds, my thoughts would go back to my darling closet, and how I would make amends for [illegible] reaching by a noble dose before dinner. We [illegible] and I returned home about [illegible] o'clock, P.M. hungry and tired. A fine steak was smoking on the table, the steam of which came right up into my nostrils, as I looked upon my jug, but so keen were my demands for hunger, that I was pulled involuntarily into my chair; I ate a hearty meal and felt [illegible]. Is it possible, said I to myself that food could satisfy so completely? I had been under the impression for years that when one was fatigued, whiskey did much good, and like the power of magic, lulled weariness to rest; but I am now convinced that nourishing food is much better.

But I am wearying your patience; suffice it to say that my wife, during the whole week, had so contrived it, without my suspecting her stratagem, to obtrude something in my way, either a lunch or some sweet thing, just before my usual period of drinking, so that I lived six days a sober man. Then she disclosed to me her fearful apprehensions of my growing habit; begged me to look at my emaciated countenance and watch my palsied hand, telling me how she had [illegible] for my good. We shed tears of joy together, and I made a resolution never to drink another drop.—Drinking is but a habit, and may be cured, if we will put it away from our houses and not touch it. I hope other "moderate drinkers" will be blessed with such a "help mate" as is mine. If any one had told me a year ago that I should have so easily given up a practice, which I considered indispensable to happiness, I should have laughed at him as an ignoramus; but now I am convinced. Let others try it for themselves.

Yours, &c. A. N.

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A plain country fellow, is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to idle or melancholy. His hand guides the plough and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and landmark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee, and ree, better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects, but if a good fat cow come in his way he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoke which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labor; he is a terrible fastner on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion yet if he give him leave he is a good Christian to his power, (that is) he comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbors, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bagpipe as essential to it as evening prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbor is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vice, but pride and ill husbandry, for which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hob-nail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn, or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he ever get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.—*Bishop Earle.*

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*Manuscript Pentateuch.* The literati are likely to be highly interested with an original ancient manuscript of the Pentateuch, now in the possession of Mr. Sams, of Darlington, Durham. It is of goat skin leather, in two volumes, and measures two feet wide and sixty nine feet long. Each sheet of skin is divided into pages, five inches and a half in width. The letters are very large, and not only most beautifully written, but ornamented with a number of tagin, or coronuli. The antiquity of this manuscript may be inferred by its being written on leather—a circumstance which would hardly have taken place after the invention of vellum was made. It is believed to be [illegible] hundred years old, and has been above eight hundred years in one Jewish family on the continent, from whence it has recently been procured under the most interesting circumstances. During the calamities which followed the train of Bonaparte's wars, a Jewish family of opulence had been reduced to utter ruin, and compelled to emigrate. They came to Holland in their exile, and were there so very much reduced as to be obliged to pledge as their last resource, this precious treasure of their laws, under a limitation of a considerable time for its redemption. The time expired, the pledge was not redeemed, and the property was sold in Holland by the person who had lent money on it. It has been preserved with the greatest care, in a rich cover fringed with fine silk. The rollers on which the MS. runs, are composed of fine mahogany. It has been seen by a number of Hebrew scholars and Jews, and it is generally thought to be the most ancient copy of the five books of Moses in existence.—*Liverpool Courier.*

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The following is a genuine advertisement, first published in the London Morning Herald.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

An Evangelical Clergyman, 29 years of age, who has had the benefit of a University education, but who is without fortune as well as hope of preferment, [illegible] of meeting a help meet for himself, of [illegible] religious views, not older than himself, possessed of an agreeable person, and a moderate fortune of at least [illegible] a year. Vanity apart, the advertiser [illegible] considered handsome, and [illegible] his word that his temper will be invariably found good, and his disposition kind and obliging. [illegible] to observe [illegible] it is solely [illegible] bringing a deserving female into [illegible] circumstances than he wishes to marry one who has a fortune; and he has recourse to the unpleasant expedient of a public advertisement, because the secluded and restricted sphere in which he moves does not furnish one who possesses all the qualifications which in this case are desirable. [illegible] the fact that a Curate's [illegible] would afford him a comfortable [illegible] if he could find happiness in the [illegible] A young lady of the above description, who prefers the solid enjoyment of religion and domestic happiness to the [illegible] pleasures of gaiety and dissipation, and who is willing to "give her hand, and heart [illegible]" (provided after an interview, a mutual [illegible] appears likely to be formed) to the man who would make it his constant study to enhance her joys and alleviate her sorrows, may rest assured that the present advertisement is worthy of her notice.

Finally and positively, and at the risk of incurring the charge of [illegible], the advertiser declares he would not marry the richest heiress of Europe if she did not possess personal and mental [illegible] which he considers to be [illegible] felicity, and which neither wealth nor [illegible] Reference for testimonials of character will be given (if required) to [illegible] Clergymen of [illegible] The strictest honor [illegible] may be relied on. A letter, post paid, [illegible] addressed to the Rev. A. B. to the care of ——, will meet with prompt and [illegible] attention. P. S. The advertiser is a [illegible] in the vicinity of London, but his curacy is in a secluded village in a remote part of the country, which, however, he can leave on a short notice, if it should be found necessary or advisable.

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*Cure for a Stoop.*—The following anecdote will, perhaps, set the question of the propriety of wearing the back collar in a correct point of view. A surgeon was consulted by a gentleman, who [illegible] The surgeon told him, that neither steel nor stays would do him any essential good, and that the only method of [illegible] But the [illegible] Shortly after the conversation, the [illegible] ordered his tailor to make a coat of the finest kerseymere, so as to fit him very tightly, when his shoulders were thrown back. Whenever his shoulders fell forward he was reminded by a pinch under the arms, that his coat cost him six guineas, and that it was made of very fragile materials; being thus forced, for the sake of his fine coat, to keep his shoulders back, he soon [illegible] of the stoop. [illegible]—*Brande's Journal.*

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*Talleyrand.* A friend of M. de Talleyrand told him one day that he had [illegible] there are two sorts of people from whom one may [illegible]

Some one observed to M. de Talleyrand, that whatever might be said of the Chamber of Deputies, the members of the upper chamber at least [illegible] "Oh yes," replied M. de Talleyrand, "there are [illegible] them: Sem—— for example [illegible]"

M. de Talleyrand being [illegible] were [illegible]

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*Mode of [illegible] in London.* A [illegible]

[illegible]

*Installation of the Dane and Royall Professors.* On Tuesday of this week Judge Story was installed Dane Professor, and Mr. Ashmun Royall Professor, of Law at Cambridge. The exercises were an introductory prayer by the Rev. Dr. Ware, an address in Latin on the importance of the study of law and the character of lawyers, by President Quincy,—reading the statutes of the two professorships,—reply in Latin by each professor,—announcement of the professors by the president, and an able and eloquent discourse on judicial studies by Judge Story, which is, as we understand, soon to be published. Fifty or sixty gentlemen, mostly of the profession, including a number of distinguished visitors from other states, and from abroad, celebrated the occasion by a public dinner, which was originally intended in compliment of Mr. Dane, who, however, declined attending on account of his deafness. But he was not forgotten in the toasts and addresses; the statute drafted by him in 1787 for the government of the territories north-west of the Ohio, long called the North-west Territory, and which has ever since been the constitution of the territorial governments, and other acts of his long, laborious, useful and honorable career, both as a lawyer and statesman, were eloquently commemorated. Mr. Webster presided, supported by Judge Fay and the Hon. Mr. Saltonstall. It is hardly necessary to add, that the company was animated by the most cordial good fellowship; and frank and glowing enthusiasm, not without frequent and brilliant displays of eloquence and wit.

Besides the toasts and speeches from the chair, and the Vice Presidents, were those from Judge Story, the President of the University, Mr. Otis, Mayor of Boston, Chief Justice Parker, Judges Davis and Putnam, Messrs. Gorham and Everett, members of Congress, Chief Justice Mellen, and Messrs. Emery and Davis of Maine, Judge Paine of Vermont, Mr. Wilson of New-Hampshire, and of many other gentlemen.

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## CAPT. BASIL HALL'S TRAVELS AGAIN.

During the week we have had an opportunity to turn over a great part of Capt. Hall's first volume, which we find to be written, for the most part, in a very sprightly style. His journey along the Erie canal, sketches of Niagara—and travels in Upper Canada are very agreeable reading. His descriptions and narrations are generally done in that rapid, lively manner, characteristic of the most entertaining modern travels, and has so clever a hand in presenting objects and facts to the mind, that one regrets he is not to be depended upon, his travels in Loo-choo and South America being notoriously celebrated for errors; and this book will certainly not mend the matter. The merit of the book is confined to the descriptive and narrative part, adding, perhaps, some of his short flying comments, for his formal discussions and speculations, of which there are frequent and long episodes, though conducted in a brisk style, are, when considered as specimens of thinking and comprehension, on a par with the exercises in composition, or what are called themes, of young men at the colleges on their first essaying to make essays. He finds, for instance, that all the amusements and employments in which the men and women participate, are not the same in this country as in Scotland or England, (they are probably not all the same in any two countries,) and then starts off into a wide range of puerile discussion, by way of accounting for the fact that women are not regarded with sentiments of so high consideration, as the diplomatists say, in this country as in others. Just so a traveller from a district of Switzerland or Westphalia might lament over the degraded condition of our women, because he did not find them ploughing and reaping with the men, or a Turk, because he should find some of them working in a cotton mill, instead of being shut up in a harem. Such remarks convey to the reader a knowledge of the traveller's character, not that of the people among whom he is travelling—the country, not the traveller, is [illegible]. His travels are useful in illustrating the narrow circle of his own ideas and comparisons, and thus give his readers some insight into the class of his own countrymen which he represents.

We regret the entire shallowness of Capt. Hall's disquisitions, and the weakness of his observations, because his repeated protestations incline us instead of believing that he really wishes to be candid, and present things in a true light—But he shakes our faith most rudely—a man who can go into so much society as he did in this country, and then assert that in our social evening parties, the men and women generally occupy different apartments, certainly leads us to doubt whether he does not, at least, deceive himself in believing in the zeal and hearty sincerity of his own professions. He must have some constitutional tendency to blunder in his inferences, even in contradiction to the evidence of his own senses.

But we regret his puerility of speculation and vagueness of remark, still more on another account. He has, as well he might, seized upon some weak points, foibles, and defects in our institutions, character and manners, which we ought to laugh at with the rest of the world, when Mathews presents them, and which we should see in a more just light, if some traveller for whose opinions we had respect, would exhibit them as they might appear to him, not as an Englishman, Scotchman or Frenchman, but as a philosophical citizen of the world. If Capt. Hall had with his sprightly style, possessed this character, his travels might have been exceedingly useful in this country and instructive in his own. He may say, in answer, that he does not pretend to that character. He ought then to have the good sense to let alone such subjects as the essential principles of our government, our national literature, religion, manners, morals and arts. Let him give an account of what he sees with the impression it makes upon himself as a Scotchman, or, if this is too much, as a burgher of some particular town. The traveller then appears ridiculous to the people he describes, and they appear so to him, and so the account is squared. But for a man, because he rides about a country with a port folio, to imagine that he is competent to give solemn opinions upon all the possible questions, literary, scientific, moral, political, economical, physical and technical, that can be suggested to his mind within certain geographical limits, is absurd, though not very uncommon.

Capt. Hall thinks that we Americans have a great deal of national vanity and touchiness, and are too much excruciated [illegible] the opinion about which the British in general and Capt. Hall in particular, may form concerning us.—The difference, in this respect, between us and the English, is this; they take it for granted, as a settled point to begin with, [illegible] the fact, as Capt. [illegible] nationally characteristic, in the whole world, is ever to be named or thought of, in comparison with what is British, or rather English—for the Scotch, though they have Scotch national spirit, have, very many of them at least, purely English national pride, as if they, by becoming English, had gained what we, by breaking off, had lost [illegible] whereas we think [illegible] and every man, woman and child of us, they ought to be, [illegible] study in bringing them to agree with us. These distinct national characteristics, like many others, give rise to not [illegible] a [illegible] other, somewhat annoying to each other, as well as to third parties. These are rough points which a man of liberal philosophical mind glides by as easily as he can, but with which one of circumscribed sentiments and views is always chafing others or himself.

Our national vanity and solicitude about the opinions of others, sometimes places us in a disadvantageous and somewhat ridiculous light. And in this respect Captain Hall is a match for us. He tells us that he can perfectly understand a nation by a season's residence. The whole tone and implication of his book, is, that he, Capt. Basil Hall, is to be the umpire between England and America in settling their long disputed questions. He protests, over and over again, with what reluctance he decides against us upon all important matters of national character, destiny, &c. &c. so profoundly treated of in his book. Now we ask if one were in search of a subject of satire and ridicule, whether he would look upon our traveller as a precious God-send.

As the easiest way of illustrating the subject, we give a sketch of the topics in Capt. Hall's account of his visit at Boston, of which he speaks favorably enough, a thing of little importance in itself, but which we mention by way of showing we have no particular occasion of resentment. As Capt. Hall says of us, we would rather praise than censure him, and if we say any thing in disparagement of his book, it is from regard to the truth and not from the indulgence of any unfriendly feelings towards him.

Attends meeting at Dr. Channing's church—"unitarianism is the democracy of religion," [a mere nonsensical jumble of words this. What has unitarianism to do with democracy or aristocracy?]—pleased with the streets, buildings, and common—sends out his whole batch of 20 letters, people call upon him—thinks he has found one man who knows something about England, in this is disappointed—"Every one was naturally anxious we should see things in the most favorable light, and, *of course*, fancied he could do the honors most successfully in that respect" [very flattering this to the gentlemen who called upon him, he does not imagine that they could be influenced in the least by regard to their friends from whom he had letters, or a wish to return to him civilities they had received abroad from others—all the town is in a stir about Capt. Hall—What will Capt. Hall think of us?—His own vanity makes him see nothing but vanity in others] export of ice—visit to Cambridge, finds all the students busy, though they did not know of his coming—drenched with rain coming home, his companions apologize for the incivility of the weather and hope he will not be offended with it—visits General Hospital of which he thinks very well.

Lowell, the tariff again—stops at a "country inn bearing the name of Andover"—reads an advertisement "sportsmen attend! 300 fowls will be set up for sportsmen at the subscriber's hotel, in Tewksbury, on Friday, the 12th of October, at 8 o'clock A. M. Wm. Hardy"—the landlord explains what this means—arrives at Salem to dinner; is more pleased with the landlord than with any man he has met in his recent travels—visits the museum—returns to Boston, visits the ropewalks, printing offices, houses of correction, prisons, hospitals, penitentiaries &c. "It mattered not what we wished to examine, scarcely was the wish expressed, when immediately some one left his business at a minute's warning, and became our *zealous* and *faithful guide*"—navy yard, dry dock—"had the satisfaction of meeting the skilful engineer on the spot; with that absence of all idle concealments, which I found every where in America [!] this gentleman produced his plans before me"—speaks well of American naval officers.

Goes to the Brighton cattle show—admires the cattle, ploughing match and manufactures—is ill at ease because he sees no women—"I counted during the day only nine females—the result of all my observation is that the women do not enjoy that station in society, which has been allotted to them elsewhere"—every body sober—groups of idlers, smoking cigars and gaping about with their hands in their pockets, or looking as listlessly as the penned up cattle"—"but in the booths, parties hard at work with the gin bottle"—"all mankind in that country are led into litigation by what is called cheap justice"—good women servants, cooks, or any description of female attendants, are rarely to be found, and if found, no money will bribe them to stay long in a house or behave respectfully when there"—the men and women separated by politics.

Public schools—Bostonians very proud of them, and perhaps justly so—hears two boys declaim. "What does America owe to England?"—can't make out that these are not charity schools—the rich it is true may send their children to them. "But as might naturally be supposed, most people who can afford it prefer sending their children to schools where they pay."—[This every body knows is not the fact, and so Capt. Hall was told]—Education means a different thing in America and England; no classical scholars in America—no want of talent, but impossible by any discipline, fines, punishments or rewards to keep young men long enough at school [!]—Another reason is the great regard paid to the precept "Be fruitful and multiply."

For ourselves we certainly shall not any longer be made miserable by anxiety about Capt. Hall's opinion of us Americans; since we cannot pay the profoundest deference to the opinions of a man, who attributes the deficiency of classical instruction in the country, to the fact, that parents cannot by rewards or punishments keep their sons at school.

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*Mr. Willis's Magazine, No. V.* We like this number better than any of its predecessors; and if the editor is able to keep his work up to the point it has now reached his success is certain. The articles are spirited and independent; and their power is this,—comparatively speaking, very little—marred by affectation, by the purpose of being smart, or by the recurrence of hackneyed figures or phrases, which constant use, or abuse, has utterly bereft of grace and beauty. The editor has certainly been assailed, in a variety of ways, with reproach and contumely enough to quell the spirit and arrest the progress of almost any one. He bears up against it, however, stoutly; and though among the grounds of his self-confidence and the mingled motives which urge him to persevere, some may be discovered, which are not entitled to commendation,—still, it seems to us, that he goes on his way, if not rejoicing, at least confident, in the consciousness of talents which all men have not, and which call him to elevated pursuits and objects. And there is also some evidence,—we wish there were more,—that he sees and is seeing more clearly every day, the faults which he must correct,—the follies he must abandon, thoroughly and in earnest, before he can reach that goal, to which he is certainly justified in aspiring so far as mere intellectual power may go.

The first article in this number is called, *The Poetry of Religion*; and it belongs to the same class with Unwritten Music, &c. &c., but, in our opinion, is the best of its class. Indeed, the principal thing about it, to which we should object, is the title. It is not a true title,—because the essay which it purports to name, is not about the poetry of religion, but is mainly concerned with its tranquillizing, soothing and strengthening influences; and the title is also somewhat quaint and wanting in that true simplicity and plainness, which the author must either adopt, and retain, or be content to be abused for a few years [illegible] for[illegible] [illegible] graph, we find such remarks as follow. They are not the remarks of a common-place mind.

"It is the peculiarity of the gifts of God, that, with all their fulness and extent, they reach the minutest need, and are adapted to the meanest capacity that craves them.—The same sun that kindles the fire upon the altar warms the disregarded worm. The same moon that heaves the ocean to its accurate limit guides the poor fisher to the shore. The same stars that in their linked spells are a mystery to the wise, awaken the sweet laugh of the child, and touch the hearts of the simple with their quiet beauty. The great results are not all that should be recorded of such blessings. The least of them flows equally from divine wisdom, and has been directed equally by divine skill.—The simplest moral precept of the Gospel was dictated by the inspiration that wrote the Apocalypse with a pen of fire; and though the appointed ministers of religion are too much occupied with its great interests to dwell upon its fainter and less essential traces, I cannot but feel that they should not be forgotten, even though it were but to record them as part of a system of taste. To the more refined class of minds, indeed, religion would be far more acceptable, even from its ministers, if presented in its full colouring of loveliness. If its influence upon all that is beautiful in the universe, and its intimate connection with every standard of truth and proportion, were substituted sometimes for the bare and unqualified denunciations which are so much dwelt upon by our New England clergy, there can be little doubt of a happier if not a more general religious feeling. It is too much the impression that the standard of the Bible is vulgar—that its requirements are unrefined—that its spirit demands sacrifices of taste, and a relinquishment of all that makes the poetry of life.—The simplicity which the pure taste of religion requires in its followers, instead of being regarded, as it should be, the element and secret of beauty, is looked upon as the bare skeleton of life, and weighed against the tinsel gauds of the world like a self denial and a test. Nothing could be more mistaken. The humility of religion, paradox though it seem, tends to elevate and refine. There is nothing in its whole range which can jar upon the harmony of taste—nothing from its loftiest to its lowest precept which is not as purified as crystal from coarseness. The "pride of life" is forbidden, but not its grace or its beauty; for He who forbade it has clothed the lily, and "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.""

In another paragraph, are some well conceived and well expressed thoughts on the influence of poverty on the character, and of religion on the impoverished.

"Apart from all the outward distress of poverty—its hunger and cold and privation—there is a work wrought upon the spirit by its hard necessities, which occasions suffering far keener than the body may feel or know.—No one who has not felt or narrowly observed the process of poverty—the perpetual [illegible] of desire, the pinching, abstinent calculation, the daily smothering in the heart of impulses irresistibly strong—a duty not the less painful than it is silent and habitual—no one who has not looked upon the unalleviated and uncomplaining misery of the poor, pressing down, with its withering and leaden closeness, every nerve capable of sensation or enjoyment—no one who has not watched their self-denying and unbroken labor, continued when the strength is faint and the heart sick, and seen them when, released at the extreme moment, meeting, with the apathy of exhaustion, the scanty and poor comforts of their wretched homes—no one who has not seen all this, and compelled himself to conquer his averted eye and look upon it with the steady gaze of sympathy, can have any idea of their intolerable misery—any adequate conception of its degrading, deadening influence upon the spirit and temper of humanity. And this is not merely a temporary forgetfulness of their natural capacities—not a cloud that darkens for an hour but may pass by. It is a gradual and final shutting out of light from the mind. It is the rending one by one of the exquisite fibres of life—dividing, with an edge keener than steel, affections nourished in youth, and wound about the heart with inexpressible tenderness. It is the pressing forever upon the eye images of dismal want, and upon the mind a sick consciousness that will not be put by, of desperate irremediable wretchedness. We are not in this country familiar with such poverty as this, but the effect extends proportionally to every degree of want. Wherever it is felt daily, it subdues the spirit, and shuts up in the mind its own everpresent image, and kills like a mildew the delicate fibres of refinement and feeling. And what is the remedy? The circle of common pleasures is invisible to the poor, for they have not its talisman of gold. It has no medicine for "those who have no money," no "wine and milk without price." The beauty and fragrance and cheerful voice of nature—gifts not for the rich alone or the powerful—are lost upon senses deadened by inward care. They all come in their proper season, and pass through their beautiful changes, but the poor have no heart to enjoy them. And is this all? Is there no other remedy? Has the clear-seeing Providence of God left a class of his creatures at the mercy of a chance they cannot govern, which may bring upon them, at any time, a blindness to the common light of Heaven, and a fetter for every sense capable of joy? Religion, as it is meant for all, so it is adapted to the necessities of all. It enters alike the cottage of the peasant and the hall of the noble, and brings to both the same priceless gift, but to the former it brings also another and not a trifling blessing. I will not dwell upon the progress of its pure refinement, and its beautiful and certain elevation of taste. I will only direct your eye to the poor within the limits of your own walk of benevolence, and ask the result. You may select the religious portion of them without passing a threshold. An invariable neatness is visible about their dwellings. The humble vine creeps over the door, and the flower-pot stands in the window, and the curtain that shuts out the intruding eye from the low room is of snowy whiteness. The child that plays at the door is quiet and clean. The sound of labor is not mingled with profane voices in the day time, and at evening the psalm of the Sabbath service is heard, or the mother sits quietly in the porch, or reads by her faint lamp, the Book wherein her trust is hidden. Enter her cottage and you will find a meek cheerfulness in her manner, a mild expression in her face, and a tone, free at least from the violence common to her station, and if she has felt the heavier afflictions of sickness and death, often subdued, and touching. Win her confidence, and she will tell you that it refreshes her in her severe labor to look out upon the pleasant sun and remember God's goodness, and that she finds now and then a passage in her Bible which opens her eye to some common beauty in creation which she had hitherto passed by—that the eloquent psalm of the King of Israel, or the glowing fervor of the Prophet has sent her out by night to see the Heavens that "declare his glory," and ponder the "sweet influence of the Pleiades;" and that every created thing has gained an interest to her, reminding her constantly of Him who made the "goodly wings of the bird," and "clothed the neck of the horse with thunder." New and delightful topics of thought are thus given her which win away her care, and as she dwells less upon the low and degrading images of her lot, and more upon the beautiful contemplations of her Bible, an imperceptible refinement is wrought within her, and the narrowing and depressing tendency of her employments is effectually counteracted."

In another paragraph is the following.

"There is a nameless something, however, running through female manner—found wherever it is delicate and lovely—something that is not reserve nor coyness, but is like a soft shadow in a picture, or a mist upon still water, or a half transparent drapery upon a figure of grace—something, I know not what, which breathes through every motion and sentiment of its possessor, and without which, to a refined taste, there can be no loveliness and no delicacy—and this, vanishing and rare and indescribable as it is, is the invariable gift of religion—the result, I had almost said the test, of its inward influence."

Now this passage is just such a one, as all would agree in praising, for its truth and beauty,—if any one but Mr. Willis had written it. But, from him, it will not appear. And there is good reason for this. He has made his readers heartily sick of every thing of this sort,—good or bad.—Universal rebuke, has moderated his fondness for these things. But an excessive and morbid appetite is not to be cured by temperance; abstinence is necessary. After he has written a whole book without one allusion to "the essence of a grace" or to any thing like it, he may perhaps venture upon a moderate and very cautious indulgence of those propensities. While we were writing these things, a friend sitting opposite took up this No. V. and opened at the last page,—and there he stumbled at once on the Spanish—"L. E. L.—no disgrace to her namesake,—the beautiful creature"—and throwing down the book with much such an expression as we have seen people wear off Point Judith in a chopping sea,—"O," said he, "if Mr. Willis would but kick the brute down stairs, there would [illegible] be [illegible] of [illegible]." [illegible] strange; [illegible] on the whole we rather sympathised with our friend.

The next prose piece is a clever ghost story,—if we may call a story about what, if it were a ghost at all, was the ghost of a light house. The tale itself is introduced by some good remarks about the proneness to superstition and the peculiar forms of superstition of sailors. One Captain Sharp, now of Rhode Island, sailed some twenty five years ago, for St. Petersburgh. When the vessel was in the stream, all ready for sea, they shipped, as a sailor, a most strange mortal. "There was not a man on board the Charlotte, who could say that he ever caught Michael Dodd's eye long enough to tell its colour. Though his frame was large, he was lean almost to emaciation, and pale, as I said before, like one in consumption. Altogether, with his unsocial habits, hanging look, and strange mark on his right arm, that looked as if it were done with blood instead of India ink or gunpowder, he was a confounded disagreeable fellow. On the outward bound voyage, however, he did his duty tolerably well, though he was never known to give a right seaman's pull, nor to join in that most cheering of songs, 'Yo-heave-ho!' There seemed, in fact, to be something tugging heavily at his heart, whether remorse or sorrow we could not divine.—There were times too when he would take no food, and refuse it, when offered, more with the speechless loathing of a sick dog than like a rational creature." After a while, they became so far accustomed as to his singular appearance and manners, as not to notice him; until about half way home they lost sight of him, after the following strange fashion.

"One morning, as I was passing forward, I overheard the following conversation. 'I wish to my soul,' said Jones, one of our best men, to Dodd, who was leaning over the vessel's side and gazing at the water, in a kind of trance, 'I wish to my soul, brother, you would manage to do your talking upon deck, and let the watch below have a chance to sleep, instead of doing double duty. For one, I had as lief be keel-hauled as to be broke of my natural rest in this way.'

Dodd turned upon him with a gleam of uncommon fierceness, but the expression passed away in a moment, and with a melancholy air he resumed his former position.

'I shall not trouble you long,' he said, in a quiet tone.

'The shorter the better, my dear fellow,' said the other, 'if you are to carry your tongue between your teeth all day like a pin in a smith's vice, and then talk to yourself, or, may be, the devil, all night.'

Dodd answered not, but with folded arms and a drooped head, moved quietly by the irritated young seaman, into the forecastle.

I bade Jones follow me aft. 'And now,' said I, 'what is the matter between you and Dodd?'

'It is even as I say, sir,' replied he. 'Since we got clear of the British islands, there has been no sleeping for Dodd.'

'Explain,' said I.

'Why sir, you know, that when upon deck, he has not a word to throw to a dog; but below, and when he ought to be asleep, his mouth is afloat.'

'You are not obliged to talk to him.'

'Lord sir, if he was talking to us we should care less about it. But there he lies in his birth, and mutters and groans like a man in a fit of the nightmare. Then he will thrash round and halloo, "They are coming!" "They are coming!" "There!" "There!" And this has been the tune for a week. 'Tis very troublesome,' said Jones very decidedly; 'for if he has a mind to hold conversation with the devil, I, for one, don't want to listen to it.'

'Conversation with the devil?'

'Aye, sir; with whom else should a fellow, who carries Lucifer's mark in his forehead as well as on his right arm, hold converse when honest folks would be sleeping? And the moment any of us ask what ails him, or maybe give him a hearty curse, mum—not a word from Dodd; but no sooner are we cleverly asleep, than his usual howl breaks in again, and 'tis "They are coming!" "They are coming!" and "There!" and "There!" all the morning watch.'

'The fellow has bad dreams,' said I.

'A man don't have the same dream seven nights in a week for nothing;' said Jones. 'He is enough to make us all think we are haunted.'"

I confess I was puzzled, and not a little appalled at this account. I knew not what to say, so bade Jones go to his duty. The next morning the same report was made by Jones, and confirmed by all the men of his watch; some of whom feared and all hated the singular being whose existence was now become a curse to others as well as to himself. I had remarked that his looks had become more haggard; his eye had almost entirely disappeared in its deep socket, and his whole deportment was strange in the extreme. Things grew so bad at last that [illegible] some of the men might do Dodd a mischief, for they were all goaded to madness, [illegible] by loss of rest, and others by the supernatural fears which his [illegible]. I determined therefore to take him out of the forecastle. Three days after my first conversation with Jones, I ordered Dodd to come down and lodge in the cabin, [illegible] coming night. He received the [illegible] with the utmost indifference, and at eight o'clock came down and turned in. He lay perfectly still, and to appearance, asleep, for two hours. I began to think that he would not [illegible] [illegible] eyes had been a principal motive with me in bringing him into the cabin. It was my watch on deck, [illegible] I had not turned in. I had been sitting by the table for more than an hour, leaning my head upon my hand, [illegible] I was almost dozing, when I was startled by a [illegible] unearthly voice. "They are coming! They are coming!" cried Dodd. He was half sitting up, and grasping convulsively the forward part of the birth, and his look was most horrible. His eyes were started from their deep sockets, [illegible] vacancy with such an unnatural light in them! "There!" he repeated, pointing with his finger, "they are coming!" "Who?" said I. "At twelve o'clock," [illegible] in a voice that was heard from the bottom of his chest, "At twelve! they are coming!"

I felt my blood curdle. 'Lie down in your birth, Dodd,' said I, 'and be quiet.' He turned his eyes upon me with a glance, such as I have thought a fiend might give, [illegible] "Ah, I shall not trouble you long. They are coming, at twelve o'clock! they are coming! they are coming!" he continued to murmur, as he shrunk down into the birth and huddled the clothes over him, his voice dying away like a [illegible].

I will confess that my blood did not resume its usual flow for many minutes; especially, as [illegible] continued to [illegible] I could not avoid [illegible] the demand. What could have [illegible]? Thoughts upon the subject [illegible] wildered. A few minutes [illegible] Dodd [illegible] ed himself up in the birth, [illegible] Then he whispered to himself and pointed with his finger. At the same moment, I heard loud voices on the deck.

'What is it Baxter?' asked the man at the helm.

The answer came from a distant part of the ship, and I did not hear it distinctly, but it was something about a light. The next moment, the mate hurried down the companion. 'We have made a light, sir,' said he in great alarm.

'A light in the middle of the Atlantic!' said I.

'Yes, sir, dead ahead, and not five miles off. If we were a thousand miles farther west I should swear it was Point Judith light.'

I hastened upon deck. A little upon our weather bow, say half a point, and apparently six or eight miles off, was a bright steady light like that of a common light house.—

'How long since you made it?' I inquired of the mate.

'It may be ten minutes, sir. I took it at first to be a ship's light, but it cannot be, for it bears now as when we first made it.'

The night was obscure and dark, and it could not have been a star. 'What is the nearest land?' I again inquired of the mate.

'The Western Islands are some three hundred miles to the southward, and Newfoundland three times that distance west.'

The question had been put mechanically, rather than for information, for I knew by my own reckoning that the voyage was but little more than half completed. I [illegible] the light attentively. It kept its first bearing exactly. I puzzled my brains as to where it might be [illegible] at it again, and then at my watch. [illegible] on my face; but I was obliged to shake my head and turn away in utter inability to solve the mystery. My eyes fell upon a figure seated by himself upon the windlass. His hat was pulled over his eyes, his hands crossed before him, and his head drooped upon his breast, like a condemned criminal. It was Dodd. In spite of reason, the super[illegible] [illegible] to the light with the vague [illegible] what. I took out my watch. [illegible] stroke of twelve. I fastened my eye upon it [illegible] determined not to remove it [illegible] link in the dreadful association [illegible] But how often in our experience [illegible] an hundred chances to one [illegible] on. I had watched Dodd [illegible] teen minutes, when [illegible] led off my attention. I turned [illegible] der forward; the light was there [illegible] as before. I turned it back [illegible] gone; and then forward again; [illegible] and it was just twelve o'clock.

Search was made for Dodd [illegible] or more was he seen on board [illegible] describe to you the dismay [illegible] round me at that moment. [illegible] not of earth our bosoms were [illegible] clustered together, as if each [illegible] come next.

Strange as it may seem, [illegible] light at the moment of [illegible] —and that was all we knew. [illegible] the crew any intention of [illegible] —— but to tell the truth, I [illegible] know the strange suspicion [illegible] pretend to any [illegible] because of Dodd. The [illegible] without tormenting himself with [illegible] the agency or non-agency of [illegible] these therefore merely to [illegible] own [illegible] plain.

Reader, this is no fiction. [illegible] forty miles from the place where [illegible] "can be produced." But think [illegible] keep not me down as [illegible] scoff not at things which [illegible] "Thou knowest not what [illegible] what fearful extent the [illegible] is it if we let not our [illegible] superstition of the vulgar, [illegible] not, whether the spirits of evil [illegible] their victims in this world [illegible] ion of a man [illegible] answer the end of his [illegible]

In the next prose piece, [illegible] there is some [illegible] nothing but description, [illegible] *Criticised* is a pretty fair [illegible] ers. "Chatterton" is [illegible] very interesting. The [illegible] thy of its subject. We quote [illegible] They appear to us to [illegible] cautiously and justly, [illegible] too widely of the [illegible]

"It is a [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the present administration, founded on this its great basis, [illegible] is a thing not to be avoided, if there be [illegible] and [illegible] intelligence yet left among us."

"The productions of a skilled man," we do not think [illegible] "The Editor's table" [illegible] partly in [illegible] we were making our preliminary remarks.— [illegible] in this number is generally good, but we have not left ourselves room to speak of it more fully.

## STEAM BOAT CONNECTICUT.

This beautiful boat will make another excursion this afternoon, (if fair) at 3 o'clock, among the Islands. Owing to the tide being low she will not, we understand, be able to land, but will make the excursion as pleasant as possible by taking nearly the same route as last week with the exception of visiting Hingham.

The following proceedings and orders of Court are taken from the early records of Plymouth Colony; and may be amusing to many of our readers. We take them from the Plymouth Memorial.

1651. Nathaniel Basset and Joseph Prior, for disturbing the church of Duxbury, on the Lord's day were [illegible] each of them to pay twenty shillings fine, or the next [illegible] day each of them to be [illegible] for the space of two hours in some public [illegible] on their heads on which their [illegible] shall be written [illegible] so as it may be [illegible] [Book 3, Court Orders, p. 1st.]

[illegible] We present Joan, the wife of Obadiah Miller, of Taunton, for beating and reviling her husband and having her children to help her, bidding them to knock him in the head, and wishing his [illegible] might choak him.— [Book 3, Court Orders, p. 74.]

[illegible] Richard, Sen. for suffering John Barnes to drink in his house is fined five shillings. [Book 4th, Court Orders, p. 109.]

[illegible] Thomas Phelps for telling a lye fined ten shillings. [Book 4th, Court Orders, p. 109.]

[illegible] John Barnes being lately detected of being twice drunk is fined twenty shillings. [Book 4th, Court Orders, p. [illegible]]

At the Second Session of the General Court holden at New Plymouth, the 10th June, 1650, it was ordered "that whereas there are risen up amongst us many [illegible] which are likely to prove destructive to our [illegible] and common peace, that whosoever shall hereafter set up any Churches, or public meetings diverse from those already set up and approved, without the consent and approbation of the Government, or shall continue [illegible] set up, without consent, as aforesaid, shall be suspended from having any voice in town meetings, and presented to the next General Court to receive such [illegible] as the court shall think meet to inflict.

Further be it enacted, that whosoever shall profane the Lord's day by doing any servile work, or any such like abuses, shall forfeit for every such default, ten shillings or be whipped. [Book of Laws, p. 79, part 1st.]

[illegible] It is enacted by the Court, that such Indians, as shall or do, steal any thing from the English, he or they shall make restitution by payment of four fold, either [illegible] in some other way, or be sold for his [illegible] by two of the magistrates of this Jurisdiction. [Book of Laws, p. 131, part 2.]

[illegible] Capital Offences liable to death.

[illegible] or Rebellion against the person of our Sovereign Lord, the king, the state and Commonwealth of England [illegible]

[illegible] Murder.

[illegible] Compaction, or conversing with the devil, by way of witchcraft or the like. [Book of Laws, part 2, p. [illegible]]

[illegible] choosing an Empress. The recently published [illegible] Memoirs of the Court of Russia by the Countess [illegible] Gouffier, give the following account of [illegible] choosing a wife for Alexander the late emperor.

According to the established custom in Russia, three [illegible] Princesses were invited to Court, and introduced [illegible] eyes of Catharine, who was to select [illegible] a wife for her grandson. This election [illegible] singular way, and [illegible] the Empress as [illegible] if the talents of [illegible] long engaged in the choice. The [illegible] at one of the windows of the Palace [illegible] of the three young Princesses, each of [illegible] Catherine [illegible] the first who descended from the carriage [illegible] a great deal of precipitation, and she formed [illegible] of this vivacity. The second in getting [illegible] caught in her gown. "What delay [illegible]" exclaimed the Empress. The third [illegible] from the vehicle with perfect composure [illegible] "She shall be the Grand Duchess," [illegible] Empress. It was Elizabeth of Baden who [illegible] completely [illegible] the Empress, and decided [illegible] Princess [illegible] the wife of her grandson.

## FOREIGN.

[illegible] Just before the battle of Pravadi [illegible] the Turks so severely on the [illegible] which took place between a Russian regiment [illegible] of Turks, of which the Turkish Grand [illegible] curious account in a letter to his [illegible] Journals say.

[illegible] Vely Bey—Since my arrival in the [illegible] days ago, I have been constantly [illegible] the organization of the army, and the [illegible] About five or six [illegible] to go and inspect myself [illegible] of Varna, the enemy, [illegible] for attacking the troops [illegible] For this purpose I went to [illegible] about 15,000 men. I accidentally [illegible] of a very considerable body of [illegible] engagement; but I [illegible] to set to work.

[illegible] that I fell upon [illegible] of that [illegible] in similar cases, [illegible] the shadow of [illegible] We have collected, as the trophies [illegible], and 12 standards of [illegible] a great number of prisoners, [illegible] all the rest were put to flight [illegible] the Governor of Varna. My [illegible] in arms and munitions of [illegible]

[illegible] Vely Bey, that neither myself [illegible] ever witnessed such proofs of [illegible] was so much the more terrible as [illegible] which is not at all the practice [illegible] the Omnipotent God, who [illegible] to the arms of the faithful [illegible] to destroy them, and withdraw the Sublime [illegible] enemies of our faith! I [illegible] in the Divine Providence, as well as [illegible] of my Sovereign. Rejoice [illegible] of the Ottoman Porte and [illegible] the splendid success which has crowned [illegible] and [illegible] that the enemies [illegible] the lesson which they deserve."

[illegible] The Pasha of Cairo has turned [illegible] the Mamelukes to cut off their [illegible] a bold measure, and for a time great [illegible] public peace was apprehended. "What [illegible] to swear by our beards?" [illegible] "Swear by your chins," said the Pasha. [illegible] of the Ulema was at length obtained [illegible] and the Mamelukes were [illegible] the permission given them to deposit their [illegible] of them. As an [illegible] no laughter or ridicule should be indulged [illegible] might be shorn of his beard before [illegible] a particular hour and day were fixed for the [illegible] to assemble in the open streets and [illegible] were ranged in line and column—the [illegible] and the [illegible] of years was destroyed in a moment.

For the New-England Galaxy.

## THE SABBATH BELL.

"It was the first time that I had heard that sound, since the days of my childhood."

The Sabbath bell, the Sabbath bell,
Its peals upon the breezes swell,
Then die away—
Again it gently sweeps along,
Soft as the tone of distant song,
Yet will not stay.

But oh! it speaks of days long gone;
Of friends, who now their course is done,
In darkness dwell.
It speaks of hours of blithesome youth,
The hours of innocence and truth;
The Sabbath bell.

It tells me of those former years,
When my few griefs found vent in tears
Then all was well:
Brings youthful pleasures back again,
Like wrecks from out the troubled main;
The Sabbath bell,—

Recalls each trace of early love—
The winding stream, the rustling grove,
The shaded cell—
The words I breathed in days of old
To One, whose heart is long since cold—
The Sabbath bell,—

Reminds me of her gentle death,
Her smile, her kiss, her failing breath—
Its solemn knell,
Is wafted o'er my parent's tomb,
Marked only by the spring flower's bloom—
The Sabbath bell.

But now that years have passed away,
My limbs are weak, my head is gray—
It soon will tell,
That with those few he loved the best,
The weary pilgrim is at rest—
The Sabbath bell. A. S.

For the New-England Galaxy.

## SERENADE.

Wake, Lady wake—
On the op'ning bud of the bright red rose
The dew drop shines,—
As the glittering gold, of the deepest mines
In the trembling glare of the torch light glows.

Wake, Lady wake,
Mid the deep green leaves of the forest tree,
The morning air
Is waking the bird that slumbers there—
List now to its music, how wild and free!

Wake, Lady wake,
On the swelling hills, mark the dawning light:
The peasant's cot,
Oh! it tinges with gold that happy spot
Where the current of love runs pure and bright.

Wake, Lady wake,
One kiss from your hand, to your lover cast?
But give one smile?
'T will the tedious cares of the world beguile,
With thoughts of this moment, so quickly past.

A. S.

*Camel Fights.* At particular seasons of the year, camel fights are common at Smyrna and at Aleppo. Such exhibitions are the disgrace of the vulgar (be they the high or low vulgar) of all countries; and the lion fights of the savage Romans, the bull fights of Spain, the bull and badger baitings and cock fights of England, and the camel fights of Asia Minor, are equally indications of a barbarian spirit, which can only be eradicated by knowledge and true religion. Of these, however, the camel fights appear the least objectionable. The camels of Smyrna are led out to a large plain, filled with eager crowds. They are muzzled, to prevent their being seriously injured; for their bite is tremendous, always bringing the piece out. A couple being let loose, they run at each other with great fury. Mr. Mac Farlane thus describes to us this curious scene. "One of the favorite holiday amusements of the Turks of Asia Minor is furnished by the camel combat.— An inclosure is made, and two camels, previously muzzled so that they cannot hurt each other much, are driven in, and incited to fight with each other. Their mode of combat is curious: they knock their heads together (laterally,) twist their long necks, wrestle with their fore legs, [illegible] bipeds, and seem to direct their principal attention to the throwing down of the adversary. During this combat, the Turks, deeply interested, will back, some one camel and some the other; and they will clap their hands and cry out the names of their respective favorites, just as our amateurs do with their dogs, or as the Spaniards, at their more splendid and more bloody bull fights, will echo the name of the hardy bull or the gallant matador. The Pasha of Smyrna used frequently to regale the people with these spectacles in an inclosed square before his palace; and I saw them besides, once, at a Turkish wedding at the village of Bournabah, near Smyrna, and another time on some other festive occasion, at Magnesia. I once, however, chanced to see a less innocent contest, which I have noticed in my volume of travels. This was on the plain between Mounts Sipylus and Tartalus and the town of Smyrna. It was a fight in downright earnest. Two huge rivals broke away from the string, and set to in spite of their drivers. They bit each other furiously, and it was with great difficulty the devidgis succeeded in separating these (at other times) affectionate and docile animals."—*Magazine.*

*Value of Pictures.* A curious circumstance occurred at the late sales of the President West's Pictures in Newman-street. At the first, a large painting, from Sacred History, was knocked down at 60 guineas to a gentleman named Delmar, who designed it for a present to his brother.— He afterwards found that its dimensions would not allow it to be placed in the situation for which it was calculated; and he obtained permission to have it resold at the second sale. This took place in about a month; the picture had not been removed from the walls of the exhibition room; the attendance was not so numerous as at the first great sale; yet the desire to possess a work by Mr. West had already so much increased, that the picture sale resold for 180 guineas—just in fact double that which it had produced only four weeks previously.—*London Examiner.*

*A convenient Cat.* A short time ago a poor Irishman applied at the churchwardens' office, Manchester, for relief, and upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for parochial charity, he enforced his suit with much earnestness. "Och, your honor," said he, "shure I'd be starved to death long since but for my cat!" "But for what!" asked his astonished interrogator. "My cat," rejoined the Irishman. "Your cat, how so?" "Sure, your honor, I sold her eleven times over for sixpence a time, and she was always at home again before I'd got there meself."—*Guardian.*

For the New-England Galaxy.

## DEATH SONG.

This sketch of Indian life is founded on the following tradition. Two Dahcotahs or Sioux were taken and condemned to the stake by the Saques. One of them bewailed his fate; but the other rubbed his hands, and said, "I am cold. Make haste to light the fire." His heart remained entire and the Saques dried and pulverised it, giving a portion of the powder to their braves, when they went on the war path.

The fleecy clouds were drifting o'er;
The midnight air was still;
The current murmur'd by the shore,
And [illegible] cataract's complaint rose
Resounded o'er the hill.
[illegible]
Could scarcely pierce the gloomy vale.
So savage, rude; so dark the place,
It seem'd the same abode
Of fiends; or that rebellious race
Were driven before the Eternal's face
From the fair realms of upper air,
Might seek retreat and harbor there,
So wild the valley show'd.
On either side, stupendous rear'd,
High cliffs and rocky crags appear'd.
Midway between a deep ravine
Mark'd where a torrent's course had been;
But now was strew'd with soil and stone
From the steep banks by earthquake thrown.
Its narrow verge a forest bore
Of mighty oaks and birches hoar;
But chok'd with weeds and ivy foul,
Where nightly whoops the boding owl.

Above the pine tree's branches green
Rose high in middle air;
And wreath'd across so close a screen,
He, who at noontide there had been,
Their interlacing boughs between
The dell below had never seen.
Beneath, the surly bear
In silence rear'd her progeny;
The copper snake found refuge there;
The serpent too, that knows not fear,
He of the piercing eye;
Who generous still, gives warning fair
To all that pass him by,
That not unpunish'd they may dare
His wrath provok'd to try,
Here coils upon his lonely lair,
And hides in shade his colors fair.
Right seldom on that solitude
Did the swart Indian e'er intrude;
And when, in meditative mood
His solitary way he took
To worship in that darksome nook,
His off'ring on the rocks he laid;
Briefly his grateful thanks he paid,
With deep and heartfelt awe he pray'd,
That it might please the Lord of Life
To bless his home, his children, wife,
And guard him in the hour of strife;
Then turn'd his willing steps away,
And sought abroad the light of day.

But not to-night with pious fear
The red man came to worship here;
And not to-night the moon arose
To shine on undisturbed repose.
The sounds that through the valley thrill
Are heard o'er river, rock, and hill;
To-night has fled the staring owl,
Afar to-night the foxes howl,
The bear to-night has left her den,
In dread of more ferocious men.
No rattler sounds the alarm to-night,
The copper snake has left the glade;
The little birds have ta'en the affright;
All yield to Man the dismal shade.
To Man, whose passions rous'd to storm,
Creation's fairest works deform;
The lion, when he shakes his mane
And rises in his wrath
On hot Numidia's scorching plain;
The tiger that pursues his game,
The red volcano's throat of flame,
The northern tempest's breath
That strews the shores with wreck and death,
To Man, arous'd, are tame.
Beneath the shadow of the wood
An hundred Saque wigwams stood.
Around an hundred fires were gleaming;
Above, below, their light was streaming;
Giving to view a motley crowd
Of armed warriors, stern and proud,
Of women, children, chieftains old,
Distinguish'd by their bearing cold,
Was seen each warrior's robe beneath
The painted panoply of death.
Their warlike hands their weapons rear,
The bow and arrow, axe and spear.
Their gestures wild, and angry glance,
Their ent'rance fierce and slow;
The women's cries, and looks askance,
The song that animates the dance,
Their cries, full clearly show
That with the next arising sun
A deed of death is to be done.
To two green elms a space apart
Two captives bound were seen,
Who, ere the morning, must depart
From life in tortures keen;
The one a youth of tender years;
His drooping frame betray'd his fears,
His lip and cheek were pale.
In this, his bitter misery,
His heaving breast and [illegible] eye,
His stifled groan and lengthen'd sigh,
His bosom's strife reveal.
As weeping stands the wounded deer;
As shakes the aspen in the gale,
So shrinks the youth and drops the tear;
For now all hope must fail,
But not for this, the barbarous throng
To sympathy are mov'd;
They bid him raise the funeral song;
They tell him, to the brave and strong
Belongs unmov'd to die.
With scoff and scorn both old and young
His bearing base reprov'd;
And some, the more his soul to try,
With fuel heap the death pile high.
The other was of fiercer mood,
And aspect stern and bold;
With cool, unshaken fortitude,
He heard their threatenings harsh and rude,
And curses loudly told.
In cold and silent apathy
He waits the coming morn.
In his dark brow and steady eye,
No sign of fear his foes descry;
And when his courage first to try,
Some Saque rais'd the war axe high,
His lip was curl'd in scorn.
And though his manly limbs around
The ligatures were strictly bound,
Till swell'd to bursting every vein,
His face no token gave of pain.
Thus in the forest gray and old,
The oak uprears its branches bold;
Proof to the tempests fiercest ire.
So [illegible] the Sioux [illegible]
And [illegible] of wounds, and death
By tortures and by fire.
Though desperate quite of all relief,
Undaunted stood the noble chief.
The [illegible] upon his head,
The fire that dark his look,
[illegible]
His martial rank recogniz'd;
And never yet, on earth was seen
A man of goodlier mould and mein.
His agile limbs, and ample breast,
Seam'd with many a scar,
Proclaim'd a champion of the west,
A leader fear'd in war.
Though wounded sore, though shorn his crest,
Despite the color of his skin,
His flashing eye by fits express'd
The fearless soul that lodg'd within.
He who can still the howling storm,
Had stamp'd that warrior's warlike form
In his own image. Painters' skill
Did never yet the canvass fill
With face and figure, all more fair
Than the brave chief who suffer'd there.

At length up rose a Saque brave,
With sullen step and slow:
Warrior, he said, no power to save
Can aught avail thee now;
Our burning wrongs thy life demand,
Our kindred fallen by thine hand;
Whose naked ghosts unhappy rove
The boundless hunting fields above,
Indignant chide our long delay;
Then follow where they led the way.
Is not a child, nor woman here
To hear thee nam'd but shrink with fear.
Dark Sioux, the Lord of Life full long
Has given us o'er to suffer wrong
From thy fell race. Relenting now,
No more averted is his brow;
Into our hands our mightiest foe
He renders bound. Right well we know
By yonder wretch's pallid face
A son of the Dahcotah race.
Now, chieftain, raise the last death song;
String well thy nerves; be brave; be strong;
Look now around at each green tree,
The last thine eyes shall ever see.
Thy hour is come; thy race is run;
Be sure the near approaching sun
Shall see thee not on earth alive.
Then man thy heart with death to strive.

As castle wall that many an age
Has brav'd the elemental rage,
Lists to the tempest hurtling by,
So heard the chief the warning cry,
His dark eye flash'd; his breast beat high;
And thus he sang. Ye dastard race,
Whose souls your manly forms disgrace;
Cowards in heart, and slaves to fear;
Women in war, but warriors here;
Come, summon all your clan!
Come forth, and glut your full revenge!
Come, see a sight among you strange!
Come, and behold a man!
In safety come; in safety go;
A prisoner is your dreaded foe.
Rejoice: Wakonto's arm no more
Shall drench your villages with gore;
In safety strike each vengeful blow;
Why I am thus, full well ye know—
To numbers, one must yield.
As soon your bravest sons would dare,
Unarm'd, with naked hands, to tear
Her offspring from the grizzly bear,
As meet me in the field.

Saque; it needed not thy call
To bid me bear what must befall,
No babe, nor woman I.
But ill thou know'st the spirit true
That warms the bosom of a Sioux.
Come hither dastards, one and all,
See how a man can die.
You craven, hateful as the grave—
His mother was a Saque slave;
And from her breast the coward drew
His shameful fear, his shrinking mood;
Reproach not me, then, with the blood
That he derives from you.
The wife and child I leave behind,
Unman not now my soul.
My boy will hear his father's mind—
Will far transcend his father's [illegible]—
The foremost in the voice of Fame,
And bid the tide of battle roll.
When riper years his strength mature,
The memory of his sire
Will urge to vengeance sharp and sure;
The pains that now I must endure
Will doubly rouse his ire.
Then, Saques, on the battle plain
Wakonto shall arise again.

If I have been your direst scourge,
Ye know the reason well.
Remembrance of the funeral dirge
Of my brave sire, the theme may urge;
By treachery he fell,
With all his sons, save I alone.
There, mingled with his dying groan
A cry for vengeance;—well obey'd.
Ye slew him at your council flame,
Where plighted faith the deed forbade.
But, my revenge not long delay'd
To vindicate his fame.
Till then I ever counsell'd peace;
But might I live a thousand years
On earth, while but one Saque appears,
My wrath should never cease.
Your children at my name shall quail;
Long shall your women's cheeks grow pale
When my exploits inspire the tale.
Though wrapt in death, my spirit still
Shall guide our warriors thirsty steel;
And to its living purpose true
Direct their arrows all to you.
Till of your homes and lands bereft,
You gnaw the bones our dogs have left.
O'er all the west my fame is known;
The panther of my tribe am I;
O'er the broad lands I call my own
The fleetest courser could not fly
From the first rising of the sun
Until his going down.
Whene'er to tread the path of war
I grasp'd the bridle rein,
At my behest from far and near
A thousand chargers shook the plain,
A thousand horsemen seiz'd the spear.
Though now they mourn their leader lost,
Yet soon in arms, a valiant host
Upon the spot that sees me die
Will raise the long funeral cry;
And on the blacken'd soil shall bleed
In sacrifice a gallant steed.
To bear me to that other land, that given
By the Great Spirit to the just and brave,
Shall be my dwelling, when from hence I'm driven,
But shut against the coward and the slave.
Thus, Saques, never think to escape—
There shall ye never find a home.
One night you all remember well,
To you, a night of fear,
I gave your village to the flames,
Your warriors to the spear;
The valley shouted at the yell
That mark'd our fierce career;
Captive I led your distant dames
Where now they wail, and female tear
The tresses of their raven hair.
And winter's rage had scarcely past,
When by this hand had breath'd their last,
Full twenty of your hated race
The scalps that from their heads were torn;
And borne by me in triumph home—
Fifteen before my wigwam door
Are drying in the sun.
To glad our maiden's eyes; five more
My horses' mane adorn.
Farewell, ye stars! fair world, farewell!
Farewell, thou gloomy grove!
Ye thoughts that in my bosom swell;
Ye friends that in my wigwam dwell;
Where memory loves to rove,
To all, and each, farewell!
Long shall my tribe, in triumph tell
How, to his foes a conquest dear
Its boldest warrior fell.
Farewell to all I hope or fear!
Yon light that streaks the eastern sky,
Tells that the lingering dawn is nigh.
To my last words, ye dogs, give ear;
I think it comes too slow.
In my last hour I scorn ye more
Than ever yet I did before.
I give ye ere I go
The scorn of my dying breath.
Now, welcome to my soul, O Death,
Thou canst not daunt the brave and free,
Nor are thy terrors known to me.
As erst, I meet thee now, unshook.
On coward Saques I tire to look.
Ha! see the sun arises higher,
Awake, my foes! awake!
My hands are cold, then light the fire
And lead me to the stake.

[illegible], Jr.

## Masonic Calendar.

COMMUNICATIONS NEXT WEEK.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mount Lebanon, | Boston, | Monday |
| St John's | Boston, | Tuesday |
| Essex, | Salem, | Tuesday |
| St Mark's, | Newburyport, | " |
| Tyrian, | Gloucester, | " |
| Ancient Landmark, | Portland, | Wednesday |
| Columbian, | Boston, | Thursday |
| Franklin, | Greenfield, | Wednesday |

## Marriages.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. [illegible], Thomas [illegible] to Mary Jewett.

Henry G. Arthur to Anna S. [illegible]

George [illegible] to Eliza Lovett.

On Sunday evening, by Rev. Dr. [illegible], James E. [illegible], formerly of Bath, to Elizabeth S. Gould.

In Charlestown, by the Rev. Dr. Fay, Henry Collins, of [illegible], England, to Mrs. Ann Underwood.

In Cambridgeport, Charles Livermore, of Brighton, to Mary [illegible] Mason.

In Concord, Mass. by the Rev. Dr. Ripley, [illegible] Austin, publisher of the Yeoman Gazette, to Augusta, second daughter of the late Francis [illegible], formerly of this city.

In Newton, Otis [illegible] to Virginia H. Clarke.

In [illegible], William Cooper, Esq. to Mary H. Wilson.

In Hingham, William [illegible] to Charlotte [illegible] drews.

In Cohasset, Dr. Sylvanus [illegible] to Mary Brown.

In Salem, Richard [illegible], of Beverly, to Joanna, daughter of Capt. John Lovett.

Joseph Mayo to Sally E. [illegible]

Aaron [illegible] to Sarah [illegible]

In North Salem, Edward T. Wood to Patience [illegible]

In Ipswich, William [illegible], of Salem, to Maria, only daughter of Esq. Daniel R. Lord.

William [illegible] to Eliza [illegible]

In Medway, [illegible] Kimball to Elizabeth [illegible]

In Yarmouth, Capt. [illegible] Howland to Hannah F. daughter of Capt. Solomon Taylor.

In Nantucket, [illegible] to Susan B. [illegible]

In Westhampton, [illegible] Parsons to Mrs. [illegible]

In Southampton, Rev. [illegible] G. [illegible], of [illegible], to [illegible], daughter of Phineas [illegible]

In Middletown, Con. [illegible], Esq. of the U. S. Navy, to Elizabeth [illegible]

In [illegible], Mr. Oliver [illegible], of Boston, to [illegible], daughter of [illegible], Esq.

In Brunswick, [illegible]

Alexander P. Wentworth to [illegible]

Capt. Thomas [illegible] to [illegible]

In Castine, Capt. Joseph [illegible], Jr. to Sarah [illegible]

In New York, Capt. William [illegible], of [illegible], to [illegible], daughter of the late Capt. [illegible]

In Gosport, Lieut. George S. [illegible], of the U. S. Navy, to Mary A. [illegible], youngest daughter of Commodore James [illegible] the U. S. Navy.

## Deaths.

In this city, [illegible], aged [illegible]

Abigail [illegible]; John [illegible]

[illegible]

Mary, wife of Charles [illegible]

Charles F. [illegible] years.

[illegible] Sunday afternoon, [illegible]

At Elm Hill, Roxbury, Andrew Cunningham, Esq. of this city, aged [illegible]

Benjamin [illegible], Esq. aged [illegible]

In Charlestown, Samuel Welsh, aged 75.

In Dorchester, on Thursday evening last, Charles Thomas, aged 44 years.

In Salem, [illegible], widow of [illegible]

In Ipswich, [illegible], daughter of the Hon. John Heard.

In Marblehead, [illegible]

[illegible] daughter of Capt. [illegible]

In Beverly, [illegible], aged [illegible]

In Roxbury, [illegible] aged [illegible]

In Woburn, [illegible], in the [illegible] year of his age, a native of Newton, and a soldier of the Revolution [illegible]

[illegible]

In New [illegible], Capt. [illegible], aged [illegible]

In Rochester, [illegible], aged 28.

In Quincy, [illegible]

[illegible]

In Newburyport, [illegible] of the late Capt. [illegible]

In Springfield, Capt. [illegible]

Miss [illegible]

In Topsfield, [illegible] in the French and Revolutionary wars, and a very industrious and honest man.

In Newburyport, [illegible]

[illegible], wife of Charles [illegible]

In Concord, N. H. [illegible] Kimball, aged [illegible]

In Carlisle, John [illegible], of this city, aged [illegible]

In [illegible]

PRESTON SMELLING SALTS.—Prepared by [illegible] J. [illegible], WM. BROWN, [illegible], Washington street. [illegible]

EUROPEAN LEECHES.—The subscriber [illegible]

CONTROVERSY between the First Parish in [illegible] by [illegible] HILLIARD, GRAY & CO. [illegible]

ALE. The BOSTON BEER COMPANY [illegible] this country. [illegible]

# Miscellanies.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

## SCHINDERHANNES, THE GERMAN ROBBER.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, and for some time after, the two banks of the Rhine were the theatre of [illegible]. Commerce was interrupted, industry destroyed, the fields ravaged, and the barns and cottages pillaged; farmers and merchants became bankrupts, and journeymen and laborers thieves.—Robbery was the only mechanical art which was worth pursuing, and the only exercises followed were assault and battery. These enterprises were carried on at first by individuals trading on their own capital of skill and courage; but when the French laws came into more active operation in the seat of their exploits, the desperadoes formed themselves, for mutual protection, into copartnerships, which were the terror of the country. Men soon arose among them whose talents, or prowess attracted the confidence of their comrades, and chiefs were elected, and laws and institutions established. Different places of settlement were chosen by different societies; the famous Pickard carried his band into Belgium and Holland; while on the confines of Germany, where the wild provinces of Kirn, Simmeren, and Birkenfeld offered a congenial field, the banditti were [illegible], whose last and most celebrated chief, the redoubted Schinderhannes, is the subject of this brief notice.

His predecessors, indeed, Finck, Peter the Black, Zughetto, and Seibert were long before renowned among those who square their conduct by the good old rule of clubs; they were brave men, and stout and pitiless robbers. But Schinderhannes, the boldest of the bold, young, active, and subtle, converted the obscure exploits of banditti into the comparatively magnificent ravages of "the outlaw and his men;" and sometimes marched at the head of sixty or eighty of his troop to the attack of whole villages. Devoted to pleasure, no fear ever crossed him in its pursuit; he walked publicly with his mistress, a beautiful girl of nineteen, in the very place which the evening before had been the scene of one of his criminal exploits; he frequented the fairs and taverns, which were crowded with his victims; and such was the terror he had inspired, that these audacious exposures were made with perfect impunity. Free, generous, handsome, and jovial, it may even be conceived that sometimes he gained the protection from love which could not have been extorted by force.

It is scarcely a wonder that with the admirable regulations of the robber, they should have succeeded [illegible] to so great an extent as they did in that unsettled country. Not more than two or three of them were allowed to reside in the same town or village; they were scattered over the whole face of the district, and apparently connected with each other only by some secret mystery of their craft. When a blow was to be struck, a messenger was sent round by the chief to warn his followers; and at the mustering place the united band rose up, like the clan of Roderick Dhu from the heather, to disappear as suddenly again in darkness when the object was accomplished.—Their clothing, names and nations were changed perpetually; a Jew Broker at Cologne would figure some days after at Aix-la-Chapelle or Spa as a German baron, or a Dutch merchant, keeping open table, and playing a high game, and the next week he might be met with [illegible] at the head of his troop. Young and beautiful women were always in their suite, who, particularly in the task of obtaining or falsifying passports, did more by their address than their lovers could have effected by their courage. Spies, principally Jews, were employed throughout the whole country, to give notice where a booty might be obtained. Spring and autumn were the principal seasons of their harvest; in winter the roads were almost impassable, and in summer the days were too long; the light of the moon, in particular, was always avoided, and so were the betraying footprints in the snow. They seldom marched in a body to the place of attack, but went thither two or three in a party, some on foot, some on horseback, and some even in carriages. As soon as they had entered a village, their first care was to muffle the church-bell, so as to prevent an alarm being rung; then commence a heavy fire, to give the inhabitants an exaggerated idea of their numbers, and impress them with the feeling that it would be more prudent to stay at home than to venture out into the fray.

John Buckler, alias Schinderhannes, the worthy whose [illegible] was the son of a [illegible] and born at Muhlen, near Nastaeten, on the right bank of the Rhine. The family intended to emigrate to Poland, but on the way the father entered the Imperial service at Olmutz, in Moravia. He deserted, and his wife and child followed him to the frontiers of Bohemia, and subsequently the travellers took up their abode again in the environs of the Rhine.

At the age of fifteen, Schinderhannes commenced his career of crime by stealing a [illegible], with which he had been entrusted, in a tavern. Afraid to return home, he wandered about the fields till hunger compelled him to steal a horse, which he sold. Sheep stealing was his next vocation, but in this he was caught and condemned to prison.—He made his escape the first night, and returned in a very business-like manner to receive two crowns which were due to him on account of the sheep he had stolen. After being associated with the band as their chief, he went to buy a piece of linen, but thinking, from the situation of the premises, that it might be obtained without any exchange of coin on his part, he [illegible] the same evening, and seeing a ladder in the neighborhood, placed it at a window of the warehouse, and got in. A man was sitting in the interior, but the robber [illegible] and [illegible] his booty, withdrew. He was taken a second time, but escaped as before on the same night.

His third escape was from a dark and damp vault in the prison of Schneppenbach, where, having succeeded in penetrating to the kitchen, he tore an iron bar from the window by main force, and leaped out at [illegible]. He broke his leg in the fall, but [illegible] managed to drag himself along in the course of three nights, to [illegible] having [illegible] and flesh of [illegible].

[illegible] Schinderhannes. [illegible] was a young girl [illegible] of [illegible] luxury [illegible] elegance [illegible]. One of the band, [illegible] the lady, one day, after meeting with a repulse, out of revenge carried off her clothes. When the outrage was communicated to Schinderhannes, he followed the ruffian to a cave where he had concealed himself, and slew him. It was Julia Blasius, however, who became the permanent companion of the young chief. The account given by her of the manner in which she was united to the destiny of the robber is altogether improbable. A person came to her, she said, and mentioned that somebody wished to speak to her in the forest of Delbach; she kept the assignation, and found there a handsome young man who told her that she must follow him—an invitation which she was obliged at length by threats to accede to. It appears sufficiently evident, however, that the personal attractions of Schinderhannes, who was then not twenty-two, had been sufficient of themselves to tempt poor Julia to her fate, and that of her own accord

"She fled to the forest to hear a love tale."

It may be, indeed, as she affirmed, that she was at first ignorant of the profession of her mysterious lover, who might address her somewhat in the words of the Scottish free booter—

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mein—
A bonnet of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
'Twas all of me you knew."

But it is known that afterwards she even accompanied him personally in some of his adventures, dressed in men's clothes.

The robberies of this noted chief became more audacious and extensive every day, and at last he established a kind of "black mail" among the Jews, at their own request. Accompanied one day by only two of his comrades, he did not hesitate to attack a cavalcade of forty-five Jews and five Christian peasants. The booty taken was only two bundles of tobacco, the robbers returning some provisions on a remonstrance from one of the Jews, who pleaded poverty. Schinderhannes then ordered them to take off their shoes and stockings, which he threw into a heap, leaving to every one the care of finding his own property. The affray that ensued was tremendous; the forty-five Jews who had patiently allowed themselves to be robbed by three men, fought furiously with each other about their old shoes; and the robber, in contempt of their cowardice, gave his carbine to one of them to hold while he looked on.

His daring career at length drew to a close, and he and his companions were arrested by the French authorities, and brought to trial. The chief, with nineteen others, were condemned to death in November, 1803, and Julia Blasius to two years' imprisonment. The former met his fate with characteristic intrepidity, occupied to the last moment with his cares about Julia and his father.

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We take the following anecdote from an article in the last No. of the Western Monthly Review, on Manners and Dress in France.

The following is a translation of the narrative. M. E——, a physician, well known for his skill in mental disorders, saw arrive at his gate, one morning, a lady, who seemed forty years, although still young and fresh. Madame the Countess de —— was admitted within the gate of the celebrated physician. The Countess introduced herself on the spot, and spoke, as a mother in desolation and despair, in the following terms: "Sir, you see a woman, a prey to the most violent chagrin. I have a son; he is very dear to me, as well as to my husband; he is our only son. * * * Tears, like rain, fall, such as Artemisia shed over the tomb of Mausoleus. "Ah, yes! Y—es, alas, sir! and for some time we have suffered the most horrible fears. He is now at that age when the passions develope. * * Although we gratify all his wishes, money, liberty, &c. he evidences many signs of complete derangement. The most remarkable is, that he is always talking about jewelry, or of diamonds, which he has sold, or given to some woman, all unintelligible. We suspect that he has become enamored of a woman, no better, perhaps, than she should be, and that he has involved himself in burthensome engagements, to satisfy his desires. This, sir, is but a conjecture. The father and I are lost in sounding the causes of this folly.

Well, Madam, bring your son here. * * Ah, to-morrow, sir! by all means, at noon. That will do. The doctor respectfully conducted the lady to her carriage, not forgetting to scan the coat of arms and the lacqueys.

The next morning the pretended Countess drove to a famous jeweller, and after haggling a long time cheapened a set of thirty thousand crowns, she finally purchased it. She took it, and negligently drew a purse from her reticule, found there ten thousand francs, in bank notes, and spread them out; but immediately gathering them up, she said to the jeweller, you had better send a person with me. My husband will pay him. I find I have not the entire sum.

The jeweller made a sign to a young man, who, proudly delighted to go in such an equippage, started off with the Countess M. M. She drove to the doctor's door. She whispered the doctor, this is my son, I leave him with you. To the young man she said, my husband is in his study. Walk in. He will pay you. The young man went in. The Countess and the carriage went off at first slow and [illegible]; soon after the horses galloped.

Ah, well, young man, said the physician, you understand the business, I suppose. Let us see. How do you feel? what is going on in this young head? What—pardon [illegible] sir! nothing, except settling for the set of diamonds. We understand all that, said the doctor, gently pushing aside the bill. I know, I know. If the gentleman knows the amount, no more remains but to pay the cash. Indeed! Indeed! Be calm. Where did you get your diamonds? What has become of them? Say as much as you will; I will listen patiently. The business is to pay me, sir, ninety thousand francs. Wherefore? Ah! Wherefore? said the young man, whose eyes began to glisten. Yes, why should I pay you? Because, madam, the Countess, has just purchased the diamonds at our house. Good! there we have you. Who is the Countess? Your wife—and he presented the bill. But, young man, do you know I have the honor to be a physician, and a widower? Here the young man became [illegible]; and the doctor called his domestics, and bade them seize him by his hands and feet, which raised the [illegible] of the young man to fury. He cried, stop! murder! a wilful murder! But at the end of a quarter of an hour he calmed down, explained every [illegible] upon the doctor.

Notwithstanding all the search that could be made, this singular theft, so witty, so original, from the scene which took place between the physician and the young man, was never punished.—The intrigante had taken good care to conceal every trace of herself. The driver and lacqueys were her accomplices. The carriage was hired; and this history remains a monument in the memoirs of jewellers.

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## PASSING AWAY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Passing away is written on the world, and all the world contains."

It is written on the rose,
In its glory's full array;
Read what those buds disclose;
"Passing away."

It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer day;
It is traced in sunset's dyes;
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees
As their young leaves glistening play;
And on the brightest things than these;
"Passing away."

It is written on the brow
Where the spirit's ardent ray,
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
"Passing away."

It is written on the heart—
Alas! that there decay
Should claim from love a part!
"Passing away!"

Friends, friends! oh! shall we meet
Where the spoiler finds no prey,
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
With the thoughts that in them lay,
When they meet beneath the skies
Which pass away?

Oh! if this may be so,
Speed, speed, thou closing day!
How blest, from earth's vain show,
To pass away.

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## DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Death found strange beauty on that cherub brow,
And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip; he touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness—a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep,—which innocence
Alone can wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of their curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
His seal of silence,—but there breath'd a smile
So fix'd and holy from that marble brow,—
Death gazed and left it there;—he dared not steal
The signet-ring of heaven.

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*An old Ghost Story.* Ghost stories are always eagerly perused by a large class of readers; and as we do not find any thing else in that way in our latest domestic newspapers, we have thought that perhaps the following old one, which we find extracted, in a late London literary miscellany, from a curious work just published in that city, might afford some entertainment. The work which we advert to is entitled, Letters of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, to several individuals of the time of Charles II, James II, William III, and Queen Anne, with some of their replies. The manuscripts, in the hand-writing of Lord Chesterfield, were found some nineteen or twenty years ago; and besides external evidence, their whole tenor is said to afford conclusive proof of their authenticity. The singular occurrence to which we have alluded took place in the year 1652, and the extract, which we now subjoin, is given literally from his annual remarks.—*New-York Evening Post.*

"A very odd accident this year held mee, for being come about a law-suit to London, and lying in a lodging with my door fast locked, (and by reason of the great heat that summer, all the side curtains being flung a top of the tester of my bed.) I waked in the morning about 8 o'clock, and turning myselfe with intention to rise, plainly saw, within a yard of my bed side, a thing all in white like a standing sheet, with a knot a top of it, about four or five feet high, which I considered a good while, and did rayse myselfe up in bed to view it the better. At last, I thrust out both my hands to catch hold of it: but, in a moment, like a shadow it slid to the feet of the bed, out of which I leaping after it, could see it no more.—The little beliefe I ever had in things of this nature made mee the more concerned, and doubting least some ill might have happened to my wife, I rid home that day to Petworth in Sussex, where I had left her with her father the Earl of Northumberland; and, as I was going up stairs to her chamber, I met one of my footmen, who told mee that hee was comming to mee with a packet of letters, the which I having taken from him went to my wife, who I found in good health, being in company with the lady Essex, her sister, and another gentlewoman, one Mrs. Ramsay. And, after the first salutation, they all asked mee what made mee come home so much sooner than I intended? Whereupon I told them what had happened to mee that morning; which they all wondered at, desiring mee to open and read the letter that I had taken from the footman; which having stil in my hand I immediately did, and read my wife's letter to mee aloud, wherein she desired my speedy return, as fearing that some ill would happen to mee, because that morning she had seen a thing all in white, with a black face, standing by her bed side, which had frighted her so much as to make her scrike out so loud that her women came running into the room. I confess this seemed very strange, for by examining all particulars, wee found that the same day, the same hour, and (as near as could be computed) the same minute, all that had happened to mee had befallen her, being fortie miles asunder. The lady Essex and Mrs. Ramsay were witnesses to both our relations, and acquainted the Lord of Northumberland with it, who thought it a very extraordinary thing."

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*Professor, vs. Hasty Pudding.* Some students at one of our colleges, being frequently annoyed by the [illegible] visits of a Professor, who suspected them of playing cards, one evening prepared a kettle of mush, otherwise called hasty-pudding, and by the time it was thoroughly boiled, had seated themselves round a table, in the attitude of card playing, waiting patiently for the well known step of the Professor. It was no sooner heard, than a large outside pocket of one of them was forthwith filled with the hot hasty pudding, and all were seated as before. As soon as the Professor opened the door, the student who was loaded with the mush, made a sudden sweep over the table with his hand, as if to gather up the cards, and with another motion, apparently put them into the pocket containing the mush. These movements could not help being noticed, as they were intended to be, by the Professor, who considering them as pretty strong evidence of guilt, broke out with—"Well young gentlemen! I've caught you at last, have I?" "Why, yes, sir, we are all here." "So I see you are, and you have been playing cards too!" "No sir, it is not so." "It isn't, ha? What have you got in your pocket, young man?" "Hot hasty pudding, sir." "Hasty-pudding, ha? hot hasty pudding, have you? I'll hasty pudding you; you young scant-a-grace!" said the Professor, and suiting the action to the word, advanced to the well-charged pocket, with the resolution of taking it by storm. The student showed, apparently, the like resolution to guard it; but again very honestly told the Professor, there was nothing in it but hasty pudding, and that if he did not desist, he might scald his fingers. The Professor, however, was not so easily dissuaded; but full of the idea of finding the *infernal pack*, attempted to thrust his hand into the pocket, which the student held fast, at the same time turning round to keep his pocket on the opposite side, and again assuring the Professor that it contained nothing under heaven but hot hasty pudding, and that if he touched it, he would most unquestionably scald his fingers. "Ah! yes, young man, I know all about it! but recollect, sir, my fingers are my own, sir," said the Professor, who was now more zealous than ever, to complete the discovery, which he thought himself on the point of attaining; when the student having permitted him to increase his momentum by sufficient exertion, as if by accident left his pocket for a moment unguarded, and the Professor, like a skilful general, taking advantage of the enemy's weakness, thrust his hand half way to the elbow into the hot hasty pudding! The dolorous looks, the groaning, and antic capers of the Professor are better imagined than described. The young rogue of a student, like a "miserable comforter," as he was, could not help saying, rather dryly—"Your fingers are your own, sir!"—*Berkshire American.*

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*"It's all in use."* A young lad that had been out on a hunting excursion and killed a rabbit which he was carrying home, was met by a gentleman who accosted him thus:—"What have you there, my little fellow?" "A rabbit, sir," was the reply. "A rabbit! and what are you going to do with a rabbit, pray?" "Eat it, sir." "Eat it! pugh! I would as soon eat a cat," said the gentleman. "Very likely sir," said the boy, "for they say cat's all in use."—*Berkshire American.*

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*Localisms.* It is well known that individual states, different sections of the same state, and even neighborhoods, have certain phrases peculiar to themselves. One very common in this village, when expressing a strong desire for a thing, is to say, "I want it *of the worst kind.*" One of these wood [illegible], being out of flour, sent to the village for a barrel, and in order to hasten its arrival, added, he wanted it "of the worst kind." In due time he received the flour, but was vexed beyond endurance, when he discovered that it was sour and full of worms. He wrote in a [illegible] rage to the merchant, and called him a [illegible] for cheating him thus. The merchant coolly replied, that he was surprised any blame should be attached to him, having most promptly attended to the order, and sent, as he was directed, a barrel of flour, "of the very worst kind."—[illegible]

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*How to write an Obituary.* We have just received an obituary notice, reading thus:—"Departed this life, Mr. Buchanan, after a short but protracted illness!"—[illegible]

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"IS MARRIED."

SCENE III.

*Piper.* When do you get married, friend Snip?

*Snip.* Pretty soon, if not sooner, I guess you may think. My new house is now being finished, and every thing is being put in readiness for the glorious occasion.

*Piper.* But how happens it, Snip, that a fellow of your cloth should succeed in winning the affections of a decent woman?

*Snip.* A fellow of my cloth, indeed! Why I beg you to be informed, neighbor Piper, that there is no better cloth [illegible] than I have the honor of putting on. And as to the art of [illegible] my clothes [illegible] hand, you may well [illegible] *found* in the [illegible] especially [illegible] expected. Well, you know [illegible] are always being [illegible] with a gentleman's dress—and so it was in my case—Floccorinda Gimblestonia Cutaway saw me as I was being one Sunday at Church, and the impression was made.

*Piper.* You fairly caught her with cabbage, I suppose.

*Snip.* Eh, that's between you and me, friend Piper. But look you, there's no better vegetable grown in the terrestrial garden of earth; being a man, though I say it, [illegible] at this present moment, being clothed as well as fed on cabbage.

*Piper.* No doubt of it, no doubt of it.

*Snip.* But apropos of taking a wife—A very singular circumstance once happened to an uncle of mine, who was one evening being married; the company had come, and every thing being ready—my uncle was being impatient, when his bride appeared. Her mother came up [illegible] hasten her—but O horrid! she found her being hung by her garter to the bedpost.

*Piper.* O horrid, indeed!—[illegible]

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*Leaning to the Church.* A man who had applied for admission into the church was observed by the pastor, a day or two after, in a state of [illegible] intoxication, leaning on a fence in front of the [illegible] "[illegible] in this condition," said [illegible] you were calculating [illegible] unworthy applicant looked up [illegible] stare, and replied:—"True, I [illegible]—and I'm rather [illegible] leaning [illegible]."

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*Reading Papers.* An [illegible] miles from this place, was asked to subscribe for a paper. "[illegible] father, when he died [illegible] me a good many papers, and I [illegible] through yet."—[illegible]

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*By-gone days.* The [illegible] lishes the following as a [illegible] of the whole proceedings of [illegible] Court in the Clerk's office, [illegible]

Feb. 25, 1771. } The Court [illegible] town [illegible] land, (now Washington) [illegible] there being no road, and [illegible] travelled on snow shoes [illegible] we travelled some ways [illegible] it was concluded to [illegible] as we saw no [illegible] Kingsland or not, [illegible] in the woods. We [illegible] house unless we travelled [illegible] land and no one lived [illegible] ordered to be [illegible]

Present John [illegible]
John [illegible]
John [illegible]

All causes continued [illegible] term.

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The following Advertisement [illegible] the Springfield Republican.

*Notice.* Whereas [illegible] the second time [illegible] and board without any [illegible] force to perform the duties of [illegible] the cooking and [illegible] very provoking, [illegible] should be unwilling to [illegible] like her. I forbid all [illegible] ing her on my account [illegible] her contracting.

WAR[illegible]

Springfield, Aug. 12. [illegible]

*Infernal Innocence!* [illegible]

[illegible]